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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

the only paper published in Wolfe County, and cisculates largely in the counties of Law-nee, Wolfe, Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Ma-dia, Breathitt, Elliott, Estill, Floyd, Perry, the and Knett, the latter eleven being with-at a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD the Best Advertising Nedium in Eastern teniucky, and advertisers can reach more people by a advertisement in its columns than by any other means. Try it, and be convinced.

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PARTICAPITAL . . . B. C. RESNDON, AGENT,

She looked up in swift surprise.

The color from out of her bright face fied.

The light grew dim in her eyes. "You're going to be married?" she echoes Her voice had a steady tone;

A COINCIDENCE.

I hope you'll be happy where er you go.'
A cough hid a little moan. Your bride will be good and true!

I know you could lare none other.
She steadily looked in his eyes dark blue, "I tender you joy, my brother.

"I'm going to be married—that is, I hope To be, though I hardly know— Dear love, shall I longer pine and mope I tremble for fear of 'no." The color that out of her face had fled Came back with a deeper hue. Why, isn't it funny," she shyly said,

That I'm to be married, too?" -Ratbury (Mass.) Advocate. CHEAP AND COSTLY.

The Comparative Value of the Newspaper and the Book.

One would naturally think that knowing so much as he does the Newspaper would be puffed up with pride to the point of explosion-that is, one who is not intimately acquainted with the Newspaper, and foolishly judges him by the people whom he does know, might think so. But he would make a serious mistake, besides doing a worthy object a great injustice. Although he is tilled with information from his date line to the blank space at the bottom of his four pages, he is modest to a degree. His editorial page bristles with facts which require years of study to s culled from the most esteemed contemporaries printed in the language. Yet, in spite of so much learning, he is undemonstrative, retiring and as unpretending as the calf-bound enclycopædia under the deep layer of dust on the bottom shelf of the book-case. Even the rattle he makes when he is unfolded is deprecatory, and not owing one-half so much to his self-assertion as to the brittle nature of his composition, which no fair-minded critic

will hold against him for an instant. Beside the Newspaper, on the desk, there lies a Book of poems bound in blue cloth and glittering with gilt. This Book is the very opposite of the Newspaper. Although he is not wise nor filled with facts he is presumptive, and makes up for his short-comings by a large supply of personal vanity. He is pretty, and what is worse, he knows it and is proud of it. This, however, is only to be expected. He is a presentation copy of an edition printed at the expense of the author. He was made to give away, not to sell; to be advertised, not to be read, and it would have been strange, indeed, under these circumstances, were he not rather inflated with the sense of his

own importance. It so happened one day that these two publications found themselves side by side and alone. The man who subscribed for the Newspaper had laid it down after reading the morning news, and it fell beside the Book, who looked up to see what was the occasion of the

disturbance. "Well," observed the Book, somewhat testily, "what's all this noise about?"

"I beg your pardon," replied the Newspaper, politely. "I trust I have not disturbed you.

"Not to speak of," responded the Book, "only I think he ought to be papers."

careful where he throws his news-"He was probably in a hurry," explained the Newspaper, "and didn't

happen to see you. "Don't flatter yourself," answered the Book, haughtily. "He never for-

gets me. "I beg pardon," again apologized the Journal

"Don't mention it," said the Book. "I presume you never heard of me. You are so young. You are not to be blamed for that. It is not your fault. I was written by his sweetheart years ago, and I have always been kept on his desk ever since. He used to read me, but of late years he has contented himself with leaving me where he could

see me whenever he wanted to." "Where is his sweetheart now?" asked the Newspaper, with professional

"She married an insurance agent, and has ten children now. She writes to him every once in a while for help, and he always sends it to her on account of old times. Oh! I tell you, he pose of me for the world. I am very expensive. I cost her ten dollars, so I have heard her say. May I ask what is your price?" "Two cents," responded the News-

paper, medestly. "So little as that! How excessively common. But I ought to make allowances for you. You have no poetry about you, no sentiment, no romance.

You are all hard, cold facts, scandals and politics." "I have the news," replied the Newspaper. "I contain everything that happens. I am a history of the world

for one day." "How it must bore you?" observed the Book, pityingly. "You must feel like a bulletin board that every one writes on. How stupid, too.

"Not at all," responded the Newspaper, with interest. "I do a good work and I enjoy it thoroughly. I tell the world what is going on. I give notice to the well of those who are sick. I tell the living of those who are dead. I tell those who are married who have separated, and to the old I tell who are born. I tell the people what their servants, the office-holders, are doing. I record the movements of governments. I tell of wars, of peace-makings. The meetings of Kings and the conventions of workingmen I record impartially. Nothing is too great nor too small to come into my columns. Many a heart-rending tale of distress, many a tragic story of death, many a murder, many a suicide is first known

great and make many a great man small by my black types. "I'm going to be married," he soft y said; "Then," inquired the Book, in surprise, "why are you sold so cheaply?

You ought to bring two hundred dollars. "True," responded the Newspaper, in one sense, perhaps, I ought to, but I am sold at a cheap price so that all may have me. Thus my power of doing good is increased.'

"But on the other hand," said the Book. "you have no sentiment in you. You are not romantic. You are prac-

tical and filled with facts." "What are more romantic than some facts?" replied the Newspaper. "A few days ago I told of a young woman who came to this city from the country, fell in with bad company, was cold, hungry and friendless, and advantage was taken of her by some bad men. Through me her true lover, who loved city. He came to New York, saw her, and to-day they were married. That is romantic enough for you, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is romantic, but that only one instance out of a thousand." "Not at all. The day before Christmas a German fell dead in his grimy shop, leaving a wife and six little children gathered around a dwarf of a house. That was the story I told. In less than two days the widow had five hundred dollars in money, which my readers sent to her, and the children are all comfortably provided for. Then again a wretched, hungry, shivering man kissed his wife and children goodromance for you?

"Well," remarked the Book, after a to its own importance. "I am filled with poetry and sentiment too, and I

do good also. "I have no doubt of it," replied the

Newspaper. "I am written in pretty verse, and I am very highly prized. I teach high morals and improve the world-or at least I would if I could be read by every one. I am sure that he wouldn't sell me for anything. He would feel lost if it were not for me. He would miss me if I were off of his desk for one instant. He throws you away," added the Book, with a trace of conscious superiority in its voice, "but he wouldn't think of doing so with me. He wants me here to look at and to remind him of my author. He can buy another of you for a mere pittance and he doesn't value you at all. In truth, I have listened to all you have had to say and think that you are really of very little importance or you surely would cost more. I don't believe he

cares whether he sees you at all.' "May be not," the Newspaper was about to say when the owner of the desk returned and resumed his seat. "John," he exclaimed, calling to the office boy, "bring me a wrapper.

want to mail this paper to a friend of mine. It has got more news in it than I could write in a week and I know he will appreciate it." "Yes, sir," responded the boy.

" By the way," continued the man, "I read to-day in a paper that a committee of ladies were to call down town for books and magazines to take to the hospitals for the sick to read.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "If they come here give them this blue book of poetry. It is making me tired seeing it around. I never read it and can't say whether it is worth anything or not. At any rate, I shall be glad to get it out of my sight. It always reminds me of that beggar who wrote it and made me pay ten times as much for it as it is worth.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and the doleful sigh of the mortified Book was drowned by the cheerful rattle of the Newspaper as each started out on his new mission of life. - Benjamin Northrop, in N. Y. Graphic.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Amenities of Life as Displayed by Members of the " Purfesh.'

An oldish, thick-set man, with side whiskers and a bald head, got on the train at Amsterdam the other day to come into the city, and he was obliged is very fond of me. He wouldn't dis- to take a seat alongside of a young man who wore eye-glasses and parted his hair in the middle. The oldish man seemed annoved because he couldn't get a seat alone, and the young man took no pains to conceal the fact that he was mad at being disturbed.

"The place for dudes," said the old man, as he wriggled around, "is in the baggage-car. "And the place for hogs," replied

the other, "is on a freight train. "H'm. How do I know you aren't a pickpocket?" "And how do I know you aren't

murderer?" "H'm! I think I'd better call th conductor. "Don't give yourself away, old man." "Don't you talk that way to me."

"And don't you try to bluff me." At that moment the conductor came along, and as he took the oldish man's ticket he gave both a sharp look, and "If one of you try any of your tricks

on this train I'll make it the saddest event of your lives. "H'm! 'Scuse me," said the oldish man to the dude as the conductor of the earth without satisfying thempassed on. "I didn't know you be-

longed to the purfesh. "And seuse me, partner, I'm just ont of fae cooler, and don't know any of the new gang. Let's shake."-N

-An admirer of ex-Senator Conkto the world through the medium of hing has sent that gentleman , barrel my elf. I help unravel mysteries. I of hewing gum, believing it will cure correct mighty wrongs. I make men his dyspepsia

WILLIAM C. RALSTON.

The Extravagances of the Noted California Ploneer. William C. Ralston was probably the most extraordinary man California ever has known, and he left a mark on his State which can never be eradicated. Whatever may have been his sins, tollies and weaknesses his genius can never be possible to write a history of California, without mention of Ralston's name, than to sum up the career of India and forget what is owed to Warron Hastings. The great monument he has left to his name is the Bank of Califoraga. He organized it, put his fortune into it, drew those of other rich men into it by his rare personal magnetism and the administrative power her when she were short dresses, who | which all men intuitively recognized, went to school with her when they | and in a short time the Bank of Caliwere children together, heard of her. forus became what it has since re-He is a physician in a large Western | mained-the leading financial institution of the Pacific coast. But the Bank of California did not satisfy Ralston's ambition. It was the instrument great primary aim, which was to increase the glory and the consequence of California and of Ralston. He built a magnificent house at Belmont, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, Christmas tree waiting his coming. and entertained in a style which has They had less than a dollar in the | never been approached by any Califor- | rags, keep him there, and let no memcarried down to Belmont in a special car, banqueted, driven from one end of the county to the other, had the ball room thrown open and city and county con- rapidly.

voked, and then, more often than not, bye in the morning and started out on sent under the guidance of one of Ral- vourself in the hands of an usher, write. His news pages are filled with the streets to look for work to buy information gleaned from every part of them bread to keep them alive. He the streets and the Geysers at their host's exthe world, and his selected miscellany came to the bridge and disheartened pense. In all this there was a strong church and knows best. If you insist by failure he was about to end his sor- flavor of snobbery, of course -it was os- upon seating yourself, you may enter a row by throwing himself into the river | tentations, it was ornate, it lacked re- pew in which you will leave only one when he was saved by two men who | finement; but it had a character of its | vacancy; then if a man and his wife | that crossed his path? Yes, of course saw him. I told his sad story. His own; it had a sparkle and a dash and a come and wish to sit together, you sepfamily are clothed and fed now, and he glitter that was different from the ordi- arate them. If there be anything is provided with employment. That is | nary entertaining as Ralston was unlike | special in your case, as hardness of every other parvenu. Nothing that he hearing, or a weak limb, then you did had in it a suggestion of the com- should inform the usher and let him sepause, during which its mind reverted | monplace; everything was gigantic, be- lect your seat. wildering, prince-like, often absurb, but always original. I remember when the Burlingame party was out pings when you enter the pew. If you here. He invited the entire embassy, have on clothing to protect you against together with a number of the most the cold, and enter a church warmed prominent men in San Francisco, mak- with stove or register, you will soon ing a company of one hundred and ten | become uncomfortable and restless. in all, down to Belmout to dinner. The | Study how you are to be as comfort-

party were assembled in the library lable in the church as in your own awaiting the announcement of dinner. house, and do not let any false modwhen lo! the wall in front of them esty prevent you from rising to pull off moved almost inaudibly, then rose your overcoat, or sacque, or shawl. slowly, like the curtain of a theater, and disappeared in the ceiling above, while beyond lay revealed the great banqueting hall, a blaze of light chrystal and shimmering silver and gold. The coupde-theatre had its effect, The strangers, in spite of their good breeding, were as may annoy your neighbor. We heard dazzled and astonished as Ralston could | a physician say "that he thought that a possibly have desired. Every thing was large amount of the prevalent neuralon the same great scale. The house at | gia was due to the use of fans in church, Belmont has something like a hundred and fell, not on those who fanned, but and twenty bed-rooms, and is the larg-

Jeurnal. NOBLE RASCALS.

A Housebreaker Sends a Present to a Little

Girl. I have heard a burgling story where a little girl saved her sick mother from the awful shock and disquietude of a roise in the night, she fearlessly came down stairs and found the dining-room window wide open and a man in tho wanted. The burglar, who must have

room. She asked the man what he had a touch of hamor, answered that he was a nobleman and that his favorite way of coming into a house was by the window in preference to the door. He would be very glad if she would let him have the loan of the family plate. The child said that he must be very quiet, because her mamma was ill. but she would get him what she could. She brought him all the silver she knew of, but particularly begged him to spare her little cup and spoon, which he accordingly did. The man was afterward discovered and convicted. When he was in prison he begged very hard that he might have an interview with the child, and the parents, knowing that the man had not acted so badly as he might have done, took the child to see him in prison. He was, perhaps, as much affected by her innocent prattle as by a considerable number of discourses. Some time afterward a present | A short time since we were in one of was sent to the child through the "noble the best known churches in America, man" who preferred the window as a whose popular pastor closed the servmeans of ingress and egress. - All the ice by saying: "Now let us close by Year Round.

THE CONGO RAILWAY.

The Bold Enterprise of Confident Manchester Merchants.

chester merchants have given their sup-

port to the new railway syndicate for

Some of the most responsible of Man-

constructing a line on the banks of the Congo. The plan of the promoters is to connect by railway the enormous stretch of navigable river above Leopoldville on Stanley Pool with the eight bundred miles of water-way below Nokki. Should the project succeed it is hoped to develop an extensive trade with the heart of Africa. Goods will be brought down all the tributaries of the mighty river from regions to be measured by tens of thousands of square miles, to the startingpoint of the new line, thence carried to Nokki by rail, and reshipped from that port for Europe and to the New World. The design is bold, almost to temerity; but the names of the promoters seem to show that there is money in it. Business men do not sink a couple of millions in barely civilized quarters selves of a fair prospect of profit. Perhaps the chief gains looked for in Manchester are to be derived from trade rather than dividends. But, after all, the one involves the other. If "the Congo Valley" Road opens up new markets to Manchester, it will bring profits to its adventurous shareholders; and if these are left empty-harded, it can only be because the merchants do Zion's Advocate. not thrive .- St. James' Gazette.

HIS JUSTICE.

I John, 1: 9. Not a hard Master did I deem my Lord,

The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die: So when in dreams I heard the solemn call Summon my spirit to the judgment hall, be questioned, and it would no more Trembling, I cried; "In this my utmost

> Lo, to the door, with greeting hands, there One with a welcome, in my Lord's dear name. Grasping her garment's hem, I poured my

I am His justice: hast thon never heard Just to forgive is written in His Word?"

stranger be in it, never show him out nor allow your countenance to exhibit the least regret at his being in your seat. In your heart thank God that he is there; and no matter if he comes in nian before or since. Not a tourist or a ber of your family take his place. Find party of note came to the State but was a seat among those who know you. Those who are near you and discover your condition will make room for you

pare yourself to throw off your wrap-

tenths of fanning is unnecessary. You would be more comfortable if you would sit still and be quiet. The most of fanning is in an expression of general fussiness of temper. Moreover, it upon some of their neighbors." We est as well as the most beautiful private | have often heard the remark: "I got residence in the State. - Cor. Providence little good of the sermon yesterday, because of the lady next to me, who fanned me till I was almost in a shiver.' What would you think of your min-

preaching? stranger, do not make haste to change burglar's entrance. She was a sweet, your position. Do not rise, nor sit, innocent little thing, and, hearing a nor kneel, until you discover what is church it may be different. You may

keep in a posture that would make you conspicuous. 6. Be attentive to strangers. If you are settled in a church, keep a supply of hymn-books and Bibles, and hand them to those who are strangers. Extend your hand to the stranger at the close of the service. Invite him to come again and occupy your pew. Offer to make him acquainted with your pastor. It is no excuse for you to say "that you do not know him." That is the very reason for speaking to him in church.

7. Lastly. Do not commence to gather up your outer garments until the entire service has been concluded. singing the long-measure doxology, pronounce the benediction and resume our overcoats." The programme struck us as correct, and its intimation as practical, but we greatly regret the state of church manners which made the pastor think such a thing appropropriate. - Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, in Pulpit Treasury.

Amusing as Well as Instructive

SABBATH-DAY READING. READING FOR THE YOUNG.

But just, since He had pledged his royal And written in the changeless rolls on high;

need Still with His justice let His mercy plead."

"O! tender Mercy! Let me comewith thee!"

'Justice must smite;" but, with a radiant She showed the pages of the judgment-book; -Emily Huntington Miller, in N. Y. Independ-

CHURCH MANNERS.

Few Suggestions as to How We Should Deport Ourselves When in the Lord's

1. If your pew be rented and some

2. If it is a free church, put

3. In dressing for the church, pre-

4. Take care how you use fans. Nine-

ister if he should fan himself while 5. Conform to the usages of the congregation; stand when they stand; kneel when they kneel. If you are a done in the congregation. In your be accustomed to kneel just after the singing of a hymn. But some Sunday may find you in church where the congregation might, after the singing of the hymn and before the prayer, continue standing until they had repeated the creed. It would be awkward for you to sit down or kneel, and be com-

Mr. Guthrie once told a story which and mother forsake you, Johnny, do much rich fruit-cake he came near dyyou know who will take you up?" Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" he surprised to see the child come to serious harm. Turn him into the street to find his companionship and pleasure. because it costs time and patience and money to furnish him attractions at home, and if the police do not take him gence. Society, also, and the churches, for them to interfere.

BOATING IN THE SKY.

Lazy clouds, so slowly floating.
That would be my kind of boating—
Reding gliding, high in air.
Bound for—oh, for an waere! Do you ever sail so far That you steer against a star? And the moon—Who turns you round When on her you d run aground? As the wild goose quacks it south, Can you see inside his mouth? When the bluebird brings the spring, Is it pinned beneath his wing? Have you ever seen that town Where the sun sta.s when he's down? Is his hair all gold and curly? How does he get up so early? Who lives 'way on conder i Always talking when it's stid? I wonder, oh, I do just wonder If you've seen old growling Thunder!

Can't be stop his children's clatter? Is he mad?—Or what's the matter? Many queer things you must spy, Riding there, so wild and high-Lazy clouds, so slowly floating.
That would be my kind of boating.

—John Vance Chency, in St. Nicholas.

BANTAM BOB.

The Story of a Little, Handsome and Piucky Bird-His Ignoble End. Bantam Bob was little. He did not

know it. At least he did not seem to know it. He held up his head and strutted in his gait as loftily as though he were the tallest of the Shanghais! robin, his weight less than one pound. Little, but so plucky.

It is said of his variety of birds: "They are more courageous and pugnacious than gamecocks five times their weight and size-a beautiful example of a great soul in a little body." Bob was a living witness of the truth of this description seventeen times a day. Did he not attack, rout and put in a shady corner in the garden. to flight every beast, every man, woman and child-the owners, Frank.

Elmor and Carrie Marsh excepted-

Bob was handsome. He knew it. At least he seemed to know it. In the adjoining dooryard was a vain peacock, the green and black of whose back and wings, the blue of whose neck, the brown, green and gold and violet of whose tail made a beautiful play of colors in the shifting sunlight. Bob was every whit as vain as the peacock, else he never would have vied with or aped him so. If the peacock promenaded along the top of the board fence with a haughty air, trying to dazzle people's eyes with his lustrous

haughty and twice as ridiculous. coarse monster. His features are the colors of the rainbow. My feathers are every one as white as snow. I am twice as pretty as he. Hear his harsh voice. He can't crow. I can." Then up he would fly to the fence top and follow right in his rival's footsteps, erowing lustily, until, tired of being crowed over by that little midget, the favorite would vanish, tail and all.

The Marsh children had so many pets that they played menagerie with them on Saturdays. Admittance one cent and always a full house. Frank

Carrie, who was only four years old, Bob was a joint possession. Frank feed him loppered milk and Car- | thought of the old adage: "Take care pelled to rise and repeat the creed, or rie call him pet names until his ruffled of the minutes and the hours will take feelings were smoothed and Bobby was himself again. The children had their hands full to keep peace on his achad something against him. He acted so. Katy Kos-ta-ma-lasky, the Bohemian hired girl told them "he had torn

> Katy and said so. "Yes he had," she save these half sheet of paper, but I said, "she was at the well talking with | commenced life as a boy in a country John Nikota when something came | store, and this was one of the first leswhack up against the back of her neck. sons in saving little things that was She ran into the house; the door taught me by my employer. He has slammed to; her dress was caught and | been nearly haif a century under the

squito-netting, and she meant to make a

dreadfully torn, just rnined." "There, there, you did it yourself," of the good old man. I believe it was cried Frank. Elmer said: "No business to wear such a slimsy dress." They began quarreling, when Carrie said: "I know what made Bob tear Katy's dress." "What?" said all their | wasting. It is embodied in the motto: voices in concert. "Cos Bob, he was | "Waste not, want not." Therefore jealous of Katy's bean." This witty remark of Carrie's restored harmony at once, and, no doubt, saved Bob's

Mrs. Marsh was vexed at him and threatened to have him beheaded because he flew on to the kitchen table and ate the top crust off her pies. At was as suggestive of a moral as it was this threat Carrie seized and hid him amusing. A friend of his, questioning | under a sieve in the woodhouse chama little boy, said: " " hen your father ber, feeding him, in the meantime, so ing of dyspepsia.

Johnny's answer. Parents will do denly upon her shoulders and flying of the forests thus destroyed, and of well to consider the truth there was in into her face unexpectedly. He hated the other means of consumption of this reply. The parent who is too her because the noise of her piano timber products, in bridges, cars, much occupied, or too selfish to look drowned his crows. He wished always | warehouses, depots and fuel, which the after the training of his child, need not to be heard. But the children be- voracious and insatiable railroads also friended him and saved his life many a | employ; and do they replace any trees? time. Once though they thought it Not as yet. But the courts have dewas all over with their favorite. He clared the rights of the States to reguhad not a spark of reverence in that late railroads in many wars, and why great soul of his, not an atom. He not as to their utilization for tree-

may be reminded that if the number of | Perhaps Bob was angry because that bad men and bad women is not to solemn-faced minister so frightened life than when he flew at the parson. | people are so busy working."

What do you think the minister said to the children after prayers that night? It was this: "That's a plucky little Bantam of yours, boys." They both turned pale. Carry began to cry. Hecontinued: "I wish I could obtain one just like him for my little sickly boy at

Was he not good? Elmer told Frank confidentially. "If that minister would only stay here I should join the church. his church, right off." "So would I," said Frank, "he's the man for me; he knows enough to admire Bob." When not doing snything else Bob was certain to be teasing Tabby. She

home. He is very fend of such pets.

did not care one fig on her own account, but those kittens of hers-they must not have their eyes put out before they were fairly opened to the glories of this beautiful world. All her motherly instincts and feelings forbade it. One lovely summer afternoon when the entire family were absent excepting Katy Kos-ta-ma-lasky-John Nikota said she had no eyes or ears for anything else-Tabby got her back up at

Bob. First she cuffed him, then she

spit in his face, and had about made

up her mind to cat him alive,

when he escaped from her clutches. He flew on to the soap barrel and crowed over her. Tabby, doubly enraged, sprang up after him. Her weight tipped the Little dwarf! hardly larger than a cover off and Bob fell into the barrel. Tabby fell in too, but she got out again. Bob never did. At least not until next morning, when Elmer fished

him out. Then he was dead. Of course he was. What a vast pity so little, so handsome, so plucky a bird should have met his death in a soap barrel.

mourned for him. They laid him tenderly in a little tin box and buried him Elmer put white palings around his grave, and Carrie planted a white rosebush upon it. Frank set up a little

headstone, upon which was printed

Long and sincerely the children

-Jennie Vickery, in N. Y. Tribune.

"BRAVE BANTAM BOB."

DON'T CUT THE STRING! The Habit of Waste in Little Things a Drawback to One's Value and Useful-

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, O., a day or two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie these strings-don't cut them!" It wasn't the first remark he had made to a new splendor, Bob would strut up and down | employe. It was the first lesson for the gravel walk with an air just as | the lad to learn, and involved principles of success or failure in his busi-He seemed to say: "Look at the ness career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said: "There is a man who whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the package in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth and very likely is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save. I told the boy just now to untie Bob had accomplishments. He would | the string instead of cutting it, not so stand erect upon the palm of Frank's | much for the value of the string as to outstretched hand, and, at the word of teach him that everything must be command, shat both eyes, hide his saved and nothing wasted. If the idea head under his wing and pretend to be can be firmly impressed upon the mind at a beginning in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the

foundation of success. The moral of this little incident is self-evident. A young man well had a mustang pony, five rabbits, a brought up, with a fair education-woodchuck and a coon. Elmer had a seeks employment in a business house. calf, a guinea pig, a lamb and a dog. The habit of waste in little things is ! noticeable, and becomes a drawback on had only tabby and her five kittens. his value and usefulness to his employer. The disregard of saving strings These pets would have formed a and paper develops into carelessness "Happy Family" had it not been for | that runs through all his habits. He Bob's jealousy. If Frank caressed his does not get on in the world because pony, if Elmer patted his ealf, or Car- he is wasteful. Small sums slip rie hugged Tabby, Bob would fly into through his fingers almost uncon their faces like a small fury. Then sciously because they are small. He Elmer would seize and stroke him, wastes time by the minute, without a

care of themselves." Sitting in the counting-room of one of Cleveland's oldest and most succount. Every member of the family | cessful merchants of the day we noticed that he cr' off the blank sheets of the letters he was engaged in filing. The name of this man is a synonym of her new ball dress made of pink mo- | character and benevolence, and his liberality in all good works is almost pie of him, bake it in a patty-pan and unbounded. His attention being eat that pie herself, hateful little called to what seemed to be an unusual proceeding, he said: "Yes, it Frank and Elmer did not believe may strike you as a singular thing to sod but I never do this without thinking

> This saving of little things does not imply stinginess or meanness. It is simply the habit of saving instead of we do say: "Don't cut the string."-Newsboys' Appeal.

the cause of my success in life.

A Timely Suggestion.

One hundred and twenty-six thousand miles of railway are now resonant with commerce in the United States. Each mile contains 3,000 wooden ties (the average life of the tie is ten years; each year 10 per cent. of the ties is renewed). At 60 cents apiece the an-The music teacher both feared and | nual cost is more than \$20,000,000, and hated him because he was for ever ten years from date every tie now in said the friend. "The police," was shocking her nerves by jumping sud- use will have been renewed. Think was saucy to the minister. Let Mr. planting along their lines on their 100 up, it may be owing to official negli- Marsh hear of that it would be useless | feet of right of way? - J. Sterling Morton, it. Juting.

-An Indian scholar at the Carlisle, multiply in the future as in the past, the children that they had not petted Pa., school wrote home: "There somebody must care for the forsaken him since his arrival. At any rate, he should be no Indians within the United children of unchristian households .- never showed more fight or rage in his States wrapped in blankets when other